

The Herald and News.

PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY AT
NEWBERRY, S. C.

Belle Boyd was Ambushed.

Assassinated by Unknown Persons Who Left no Clue.

[From the New York World.]

Fort Smith, Ark., February 5.—A telegram from Eufaula received here tonight confirms last night's dispatch that Belle Starr, better known as Belle Boyd, had been shot by unknown parties, who fired upon her from ambush, and left no clue. The murder took place Sunday night, on the Choctaw side of the Canadian River, near her home. Searching parties of mounted Indian police are scouring the neighborhood, but thus far without success. Her husband, James Starr, who was summoned by telegram from this city, announced before leaving that he would kill the man who shot his wife, no matter who he was. The neighborhood of Eufaula is greatly excited over the deed. Notwithstanding the criminal notoriety of the woman, she left many friends, who have determined to avenge her death.

Belle Boyd was born at Martinsburg, now in West Virginia, in 1846, and lived there until 1861. Her father was a merchant, her mother a handsome woman, of good family, and the girl's associations and education excellent. During a visit to the neighborhood of Winchester, after war had been declared, this dashing young housewife heard of Federal movements which threatened her "beloved South," as she called it. She galloped by night to Stonewall Jackson and told him what she knew. From that time she was "attached" to the Stonewall brigade with more or less regularity. She rode across the battlefield of Front Royal and carried to Jackson dispatches which sent him in pursuit of Banks. She had already become the pet and pride of the Southern army.

She soon became known as "Belle Boyd, the famous rebel spy." At that time she was a girl of strong aquiline features, coal-black eyes, a magnificent figure and the physical strength and elasticity of an Amazon. Martinsburg was most of the time within the Union lines, and Belle Boyd's secret service was of much value to the Southern commanders. On a particular daring expedition she was captured and sent to Washington. Here she became quite as much of a favorite with some of the young Federal officers and with some Congressmen as she had already been with the soldiers and public men of the South. She hesitated at nothing to make a stroke for the Confederacy. She who had by her wiles and smiles captured so many Union secrets was at last a prisoner herself.

After remaining some time in the Old Capitol prison, in charge of William P. Wood, she was exchanged for the celebrated Col. Michael Corcoran, of the Irish brigade, who had been a Confederate prisoner since first Bull Run. After Gettysburg she was taken prisoner, court-martialed and ordered shot, but her sentence was commuted to banishment in the South. Soon afterwards Jefferson Davis sent her with important dispatches to Great Britain. She sailed from Wilmington, N. C., May 8, 1864. The vessel was captured, the adventures taken to Boston, court-martialed and a second time ordered shot. President Lincoln commuted her punishment to banishment. She soon afterwards crossed the ocean and created a great sensation, when August 25, 1864, she married her captor, Lieut. S. W. Harding, in London. Her husband lived only a few months, and the young widow made her debut on the stage in England. The war over, she retired to private life. Subsequent to her second husband's death, about seven years ago, she started out as a lecturer as a means of maintaining her three children, two of whom are in a convent. Soon afterwards she married her third husband, Mr. High, and made De Witt her home. During her marriage to Col. Hammond in 1880-81, who was then acting as traveling salesman, Belle Boyd lived on North 13th Street, Philadelphia. She gave some readings at St. George's Hall. At that time the eldest of her little girls were about 13 years old. Subsequently she went to live in Texas, where she married successfully Col. Younger, Sam Starr and Jim Starr. Several years ago she shot at and wounded a man there whom she charged with improper relations with her daughter.

Belle Boyd, as she always preferred to be called, had handkerchiefs after an actress' life, and in 1867 made her first appearance on the American stage with Ben DeBar. After that she starred two seasons, but without much success. She abandoned the stage for the lecture bureau, but reappeared on the boards four or five years ago as Daisy Brown in "The Professor." She was a bold and dashing, rather than a beautiful woman, and her chief accomplishment was perfect mastery of a horse.

For some years she has lived in the Choctaw Nation, and has frequently been in Fort Smith on business and as a witness at the United States Court. After the death of her husband, Cole Younger, in Missouri, she married Sam Starr and lived with him in the Choctaw Nation. With her husband she was in Fort Smith about three years ago, and the two left for home in the evening, but on the way home Starr was killed by an old enemy named West.

Soon afterwards she married her late husband's cousin, James Starr, who was in this city when the telegram announcing her death was received. He is a tall, well-formed Indian, with long hair falling down over his shoulders. There was bad blood in his eye when he heard the news. Without delay he saddled his horse, provided himself with a quart of whiskey and struck out on the run for home, saying somebody was going to suffer.

Belle Starr has figured in the United States Court here on several occasions, and was once sent to the penitentiary for selling whiskey in the Choctaw Nation. Dressed in men's clothes, riding in a good saddle and armed with a

brace of formidable pistols, she has raided, aroused and participated in every known form of outlawry prevalent in the Nation. She rode at a pace and with a grace that knew no equal, shot with great skill, and with it all she was a well-educated and accomplished woman. Many citizens of Fort Smith have heard her play on the piano, and she was generally recognized as thoroughly well posted in various other accomplishments. She has a daughter named Pearl Younger, a beautiful girl, possessing her mother's fire and her robber father's reckless disposition.

SHOT WHILE ON HORSEBACK WITHOUT TIME TO DRAW HER PISTOL.

EUFULA, I. T., February 5.—Belle Starr, the female terror of the Territory, was killed last Sunday evening at 6 o'clock, at a place known as Taylor's Farm, seven miles northeast of Brook. Having eaten supper with Jack Rose, an Indian, she left on horseback and alone for home, a mile and a half distant. She was never again seen alive. The South Canadian River was to have been crossed by her, and the ferryman at the river was waiting for her.

Just at twilight a riderless horse came dashing down towards the river and the ferryman knew the horse was the property of the notorious Belle Starr. Thinking Belle had been thrown, he retraced the horse's steps for half a mile, where he found her dead body lying in the mud. A load of buckshot had been emptied into her breast, while a load of fine shot had struck her head. She had evidently been assassinated, for her pistol had not been drawn from her belt. She would have done dangerous work had she been boldly faced. She left a darling daughter, a nineteen-year-old half-breed, by her full-blooded Indian husband.

"I WONDER IF SHE'LL THINK OF ME?"

[Dedicated to the fairest, sweetest and dearest of all earthly little maidens:]
"Oh day that weighs on the heart!
Oh winds in the dreary plains!
Does she think on me 'mid the golden hours?"

Past the mountain's dark blue lines?
Oh sunshine flitting and dask!
Oh wind that forever sighs!
Thou mayest be bright but my life is dark.

For the sunshine of her eyes."
—Simms' Selections of "War Poetry of the South."

When the lone evening Zephyrs blow,
And the dew-drops kiss the drooping rose;
When shadows cross the door-way fall,
And cast their gleam upon the wall—
When lo! is silent reverie,
I wonder if she'll think of me?

When looking back upon the past,
Through recollections fading fast,
Like thoughts of Erin or of the sea,
In fancy's mirror she shall see
The friends with whom she used to be,
I wonder if she'll think of me?

While seated in her cushion'd chair,
Reposing from her daily care,
Alone, while not a whisper'd word
Upon the still air is heard;
When the Bible rests upon her knee,
I wonder if she'll think of me?

When other light hands shall caress,
With tender stroke, each auburn tress,
And when some favor'd heir of bliss
Those precious, rose-fringed lips shall kiss—
When heavenly joys in turn shall be,
I wonder if she'll think of me?

When clasp'd in some wild lover's arms,
Who madly dotes upon her charms,
And promises to love her true,
All worldly cares to allow,
If but his angel she will be,
I wonder if she'll think of me?

When spring-time comes, and flowers bloom,
And fill the air with sweet perfume;
When pansies raise their little heads,
And violet smile in garden beds,
Alas! I will be far away
Who then will claim her fair beauty?

And when the flowers I loved so well,
She pins upon my loved lapel—
The same that I have held so dear
And cherish'd as a fond souvenir—
Oh, can she wither and grow old,
I wonder if she'll think of me?

My treasures, and not think of me?
Ah! will she miss me when I'm gone,
And feel forsaken, and alone?
Alas! too well the truth I fear,
My darling will but little care—
Another lover she will find,
Since "out of sight is out of mind."

I have a love and gentle sigh,
For the sad-remember'd days gone by,
When cupid's keen-edged silver dart,
First pierced my young and tender heart—
Thus wreck'd with pain and misery,
I wonder if she cares for me?

And when shall come the thought of death
The final pang, the gasping breath,
The unrequited, silent grave,
She seeks her precious soul to save—
When on her prayerful, bended knee,
Oh God! will she remember me?

God grant she may remember me,
In prayer upon her bended knee!
May her petitions e'er ascend,
For the portion of her friend,
And may this heart be brought as near
To love to God, as 'tis to her!

She is my first, my only love,
More fair than angel-forms above,
Whom I shall cherish 'till heart is dead,
And never a second word or wed;
Thrice given her memory e'er shall be,
Whether or not she thinks of me!!

Romeo.
February, 1889.

Pimples, Aches, Sores and Pains.
When a hundred bottles of sarsaparilla or other pretentious specifics fail to eradicate in-born scrofula or contagious blood poison, remember that B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) has gained many thousands of victories, in as many seemingly incurable instances. Send to the Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for "Book of Wonders," and be convinced. It is the only true blood purifier.

G. W. Messer, Howell's X Roads, Ga., writes: "I was afflicted nine years with sores. All the medicine I could take did me no good. I then tried B. B. B., and 8 bottles cured me sound."

Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Round Mountain, Texas, writes: "A lady friend of mine was troubled with bumps and pimples on her face and neck. She took three bottles of B. B. B., and her skin got soft and smooth, pimples disappeared, and her health improved greatly."

Jas. L. Bosworth, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "Some years ago I contracted blood poisoning. I had no appetite, my digestion was ruined, rheumatism threatened, my limbs so I could hardly walk, my throat was cauterized five times. Hot Springs gave me no benefit, and my life was one of torture until I gave B. B. B. a trial, and, surprising as it may seem, the use of five bottles cured me."

No other medicine is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for the cure of coughs, colds, and all derangements of the respiratory organs. It relieves the asthmatic and consumptive, even in advanced stages of disease.

FAMOUS FLORIDA DUELS.

How They Fought in the Land of Flowers—
A Leading Tour Through the Land of the Hot Springs—Reminiscences of the Seminole War—A Personal Insight Led to Half a Dozen Fatal Encounters.

[H. W. Grady in Philadelphia Weekly Times.]

Some of the bloodiest duels on record were fought in Florida. The Seminole war, in 1837, brought to the front a lot of reckless young blue bloods that were full of fire and spark. Gay livers for the most part, they headed carelessly through the world and carried the whole defense of their lives in their pistol-fingers. A pressure of the trigger was the answer they gave to protest of deprecation. The brush they had with Oseola and his yellow devils warmed them up sharply, and when Prince Murat settled upon their coast with a colony of Frenchmen, challenges flew thick and fast. The Frenchman, of necessity and with pleasure, fought their way through, and very soon the already turbulent society of Florida had received a deeper tinge than the splendid drilling of the cut and thrust followers of "the Prince." It was in Florida that the feud began in which the Altons, Willis and Augustus, lost their lives. I was sitting one night in Brown's hotel—a famous old rendezvous of forty years' standing—picking myself in orange brandy and munching soaked biscuit, when a shuffling old fellow approached me. I recognized him as Mr. Zabran, a ragged postscript to the life of a gentleman, engaged at the time in the humble but respectable business of washing dishes at the hotel.

"Do you see that ragged hole up there over the furder fly brush?" asked the old man. Upon my replying to the question, which really did not require an answer, but was thrown out by the crafty old gabbler as a lasso, with its interrogatory loop at the end, he reflectively wound his cup-towel about him, and sitting down, remarked:

"Well, sir, if all the blood that was shed in the quarrel in which that hole was made smeared on these walls it would redden up this whole room, I can tell you." The sanguinary recitation that the old fellow had put into his story, and pushing him a glass of brandy, I asked him to tell me all about it. Then and there, in that musty and half-rusted hotel, full of its wild and riotous memories, the old fellow told me a story that for fierce gallantry and recklessness puts fiction to shame. The actors in it, of sunny and heroic temper, of large wealth and illustrious lineage, are dead. Their descendants yet live and stand high among the highest. Of course, it is impossible to avouch the particular correctness of the details of this story, or the most of those that follow, but the general points are believed to be just as written.

A DUEL OF THE SEMINOLE WAR.

"In the Seminole war," said Mr. Zabran, evidently ambling down a wellworn groove of conversation, "Governor Call of this State, commanded a crack regiment. One morning he received a note announcing that his wife was quite ill. He at once repaired to her bedside. During his absence a battle was fought. Shortly afterwards an article appeared in the Chronicle and Sentinel, of Augusta, insinuating that Governor Call had purposely absented himself from the battle. The paper containing this cruel article reached the camp and was at once the subject of comment. Lieutenant Augustus Alston determined, in the absence of his Colonel, to protect his honor, mounted a horse and plunged through the woods for Augusta. Reaching that city he made his way to the Chronicle office and demanded to know the author of the offensive article. It turned out that it was Governor Reed, of Florida, for a long time a bitter political enemy of Call's. Lieutenant Alston at once sent him a peremptory challenge. Governor Reed replied that he would be happy to accommodate Lieutenant Alston with satisfaction as soon as he had concluded an affair with Lieutenant Williams, of Call's staff, who had already favored him with a note upon the same subject. Alston thereupon had to content his soul in patience until the affair with Williams was over. He did not have to wait long. A meeting was soon arranged between Reed and Williams, the conditions of which were that they were to fight with bowie-knives, until one or the other should be cut down. At the meeting the men came upon the ground, stripped to their shirts. They advanced until they met each other. They then clasped their left hands together in a firm and dead-grip grasp, standing toe to toe. The keen and shining knives were then placed in their right hands. At a signal they were dropped perpendicularly along their legs. At the next word they were raised into the air, and then the terrible fencing began. It was a brief, strenuous struggle. The long knives cut and gashed and wheezed through the flesh of the combatants and clashed and sparkled against each other, now buried in vital tissue and now whipped out with a dim, bluish moisture veiling the blades, until at length Lieutenant Williams fell, hacked almost to pieces. Governor Reed escaped without disabling injury.

A BROTHER'S REVENGE.

"He then turned his attention to Lieutenant Alston. Being the challenged party, he had the choice of weapons. He selected a murderous weapon, now happily obsolete, but then of common use, and known as a yager. It was a broad-mouthed, funnel-shaped smooth-bore gun that carried a handful of shot and was warranted to hit everything in the neighborhood of its aim. The duel was a most unfortunate one in its direct and remote results. Captain Kenon was Lieutenant Alston's second. The principals were posted with their backs to each other. As the word 'wheel' was called it is claimed that Alston slipped and stumbled. The command, 'Fire—' one—two—three' followed almost immediately, and before he could recover his gun went off into the air. Governor Reed took cool aim, fired promptly at the word, and Lieutenant Alston dropped dead. Thus two gallant young fellows had already fallen in defense of

the honor of an absent comrade. But the cruel feud was hardly opened. Colonel Willis Alston, then living in Louisiana, heard of his brother's death, and became impressed with the idea that he had not been fairly killed. He claimed that Governor Reed should have withheld his fire when he saw his brother's gun spring aimlessly toward the sky. Indeed, it is said that a sister of Lieutenant Alston had the lead taken from her brother's body and a new bullet moulded, which she sent to Colonel Willis Alston, and demanded that he should come and avenge her brother's death. Colonel Alston came as fast as possible to this hotel. Governor Brown met him as he rode up to the piazza, and at once divined his purpose. 'You have come here to challenge Reed?' he asked. Colonel Alston assented. Governor Brown then begged him to be very deliberate and cool and quiet about it. On the very night he got here, he was sitting near the fire-place yonder, with a large cloak around him, and his head bowed upon his hand. He had been sitting there only a few moments when someone brushed past him rather roughly. Raising his head he discovered that it was Governor Reed, the very man he had traveled so far to challenge to deadly combat. In an instant he was ablaze, with excitement, and rising, exclaimed: 'You have murdered my brother, sir, and now do you presume to insult me?' As quick as thought Reed drew a six-barreled pistol and fired, just as the latter poured a broadside into him from a horseman's pistol, lodging a ball in his side. The fire was repeated, each man receiving another bullet. Colonel Alston was then out of ammunition, having only two horseman's pistols. Throwing back his long cloak, however, he drew his bowie and closed with his antagonist. In a few scintillating strokes Governor Reed was cut to the floor, and his opponent sank in a fainting fit. It was in that melee that that bullet hole was made up there.

A DEADLY MEETING.

"The two men were taken to their beds, and for several weeks were confined to their rooms. Colonel Alston was the first to recover. He was very much embittered by the contest that had taken place, and said that he intended to kill Governor Reed on sight. A few days afterwards he met Governor Reed on the street. He went home and loaded a double-barreled shot-gun, putting in one of the barrels, it is said, the bullet that his sister had moulded with the lead taken from his brother's dead body. Seeking Reed again, he fired at him on sight, tearing away his shoulder. With the first barrel and riding his heart with the second. This rencontre created the intensest excitement and led to some legal proceeding against Colonel Alston, which, however, did not result in anything. Colonel Alston shortly after this went to Texas. He had been there but a short time when he heard that Dr. John McNeil Stewart, a man of prominence in Brazoria, had commented disparagingly upon his affair with Governor Reed. Meeting Dr. Stewart upon the prairie a few days after this report had come to his ears, he handed him a letter containing the offensive language and asked him if he was responsible for it. Pending their discussion of the matter at issue they fell upon each other with great fury. It appears that Dr. Stewart was armed with a pair of Colt's pistols and Colonel Alston with a bowie-knife and shot-gun. When found by their friends, Alston was lying at the foot of a large tree, with four bullet holes through his body; Stewart was lying near by, with two loads of buckshot in his heart, stark and stiff. Colonel Alston was so badly wounded that he could only be carried in a blanket, slung hammock-wise between two men. As he was being borne into the town in this manner his friends were fired by a company of armed men, who met a hundred shots into the blanket, killing Colonel Alston instantly."

THE CRUEL CODE.

This feud, involving the death of so many superb men and bankrupting two powerful families, is but one of a thousand that might be traced in fatal scarlet through the system of Southern society. We have only followed the direct vein of the feud. Were all the results, direct and remote, carefully looked up, it would be found that the

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy,
author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886.
129 E. 27th St.
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

My colorless career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Honorably, however, I have been relieved to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as I suffered from, the use of your medicine has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly used, it is in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing
In any case, I speak earnestly because I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, cured by the use of your medicine. Faithfully yours,
C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

THE SPRING MEDICINE YOU WANT

Paine's Celery Compound

Purifies the Blood,
Strengthens the Nerves,
Stimulates the Liver,
Regulates the Kidneys and Bowels,
Gives Life and Vigor to every organ.

There's nothing like it. Use It Now!
"Last spring, being very much run down and debilitated, I procured some of Paine's Celery Compound. The use of two bottles made me feel like a new man. As a general tonic and spring medicine, I do not know its equal."
—R. E. KNOX, Waterville, Dakota.
Sold by all Druggists.
WELLS, RICHMOND & CO. PROPRIETORS, Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES Color Fastness and Rubbing. LACTATED FOOD Infants when it keeps well.

publication of that article in the Chronicle caused the death of a score of chivalric gentlemen. It is a peculiar feature, too, that every challenge that makes up its bloody story was issued in defense of a comrade's honor. Prince Murat, albeit he was a quiet and scholarly man, was a stickler for the code. While there is no record of his having himself fought a duel, his edict was authority in dueling circles and his voice was never lifted against the practice. All trace of the warm-spirited Frenchman and his comrades is swept away. The shock of war dislodged their influence from the heart of the Floridian, and it is a mayhap if anyone of the inhabitants of Tallahassee now show you the spot where their royal guest lies buried. A law against dueling has been enacted, and hands that once played with the pistol-handle have now perforce gone in to the plowshare. In turning the soil of the plowshare, and yet there is not a person upon earth hotter in temper or more jealous of honor than these swart fellows, that thirty years ago might have heard, as they lay dandling in their cradles, the whip-like crack of pistols, as their fathers popped away at each other in some convenient glen.

"My little son, three years of age, was terribly afflicted with scrofula. His head was entirely covered with scrofulous sores, and his body showed many marks of the disease. A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured him."
—W. J. Beckett, Hymera, Ind.

If You Have

No appetite, indigestion, flatulence, sick headache, "all you want," losing flesh, you will find

Tutt's Pills

theremedy you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies. Sufferers from indigestion, flatulence, or loss of flesh, will find relief from them. Nicely sugar-coated.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

ELEANOR

Jewelry, Clocks, Silver Plated Ware, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Musical Instruments, Watch Repairing a Specialty.

EDUARD SCHOLZ,

Newberry, S. C.

NO MERCURY, NO POTASH,

Or any other Mineral Poison.

It is Nature's Remedy, made exclusively from Roots and Herbs.

It is perfectly harmless.

It is the only remedy known to the world that has ever cured Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, and other blood diseases heretofore considered incurable.

It is a history of your own life, and a history of the life of your family, and a history of the life of your race.

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